

This Is Called Victory

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Summary: The musings of Otto as the battle to end all battles approaches. Set in a post apocalyptic world, years after Aftershock. A dark story. Ottra(Otto/Laura) and slight inference of Wingelby.

1. Chapter 1

****This Is Called Victory****

Endless darkness. Fire sweeping across the world. Cities, once thriving, now desolate and barren, all life extinguished. Whole countries reduced to ghosts of what they once were. And this is called victory.

Two years ago, my friends and I defeated Overlord. That was the end. That should have been the end. End of the line, closed book, happily-ever-after. Except that never happens. Overlord's army lived on. While there are people to carry his cause onwards, his presence would remain. In the dark shadows, the levelled streets, the fallen warriors. Many people have died. But they are the lucky ones.

We are hiding. Hiding in possibly the last stronghold of humanity. Villains and heroes alike, hiding in what was once known as H.I.V.E, before it was bombarded to the ground. Now it stands again, soon likely to fall. It is hard to remember the joy I once felt here.

At least some friends are by my side. Wing, my brother in soul, the deadly, hardened warrior. Shelby, once playful, now cold and distant. Laura, the love of my life, and the one who has changed the least. But every one of us has changed forever, colder, more distant. Slaves to the need to survive.

I remember Franz as we open our survival rations. Franz, cheerful, friendly Franz. Death came quickly to Silent Death. He died protecting Nigel, who had fallen in the Battle Of G.L.O.V.E HQ. Both

dead now. We never found their bodies.

Nero's face flashes before my eyes. Our leader. He was killed by the leader of our foe. Overlord's third brother, the most destructive weapon ever made. He has no name, just the Enemy. The Enemy started the apocalypse, when he was released.

Nuclear missiles fired at every major city in the world. Our weapons turned against us. All our computers destroyed, absorbed by the Enemy. H.I. sacrificed himself for us, deleting himself before he could be turned. Now I envy him, not having to look out upon this barren Earth. Our pathetic army, the last of humanity.

The sound of buzzing overhead reverberates through H.I.V.E. The Enemy have arrived. I turn to Laura.

"Best get it over with," I say tiredly.

She kisses me on the cheek.

"Indeed," says Laura, " See you on the other side."

We kiss again, for the last time. Then I stare towards the door, where The Enemy awaits. They will not have the satisfaction of capturing me. I shall fight. Death or victory, I think grimly, as I march towards the door, towards my death.

A/N: My first dark story. Please review, and tell me what you think!

This is a one-shot, though more fics may come like it. I'm supposed to be on hiatus, but shh! Don't expect this often, but the idea was consuming.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2: Lost Cause

A/N: Not a one shot anymore...

I watch as the doors buckle as if kicked by some huge giant. They glow fiery red. An incendiary missile, I observe. The Enemy is fond of using fire as a deadly weapon. Overlord preferred electricity. The Enemy uses all consuming infernos to destroy anything good.

The doors finally fall as two strikes, presumably missiles, smash into it. Then the red robots slid silently through the door, the first wave of the army. They are upon us already.

The red robots are feared by all resistance fighters. Upgraded from Cypher's black ones, it usually takes ten men to kill one. Or one woman, I remember. Natalya Raven was the fear of the robots. We don't know where she is now, we were split up in the battle of G.L.O.V.E HQ. The theory that some believe is that she set up her own resistance, and that they are coming to help us. A futile rumour, I think bitterly. Raven is probably dead, like many I once knew. Death is all we know now.

I ready my weapon. A pistol, a lethal version of a Sleeper, firing a

concentrated green laser which cuts through the target like butter. My computerised mind has no power over the robots. Believe me, I've tried many times.

Battle begins - a chaotic struggle, nothing heroic or orderly. I advance upon a robot and drill a hole through its head. I curse as it advances. It takes a direct hit to either its computer or its power source to destroy one of these. I fire again, missing completely. The robot readies its own weapon, a simple blood-red sword. The robot swiftly slashes forward viciously. I seize my chance as it wobbles, missing me. I trip the robot and it falls to the ground.

The robot's sword dropped with it, and I pick it up and begin violently stabbing it with it. I stab again and again until I finally find its computer.

"Ahh, there it is!" I exclaim.

By this time the poor robot was shut down forever, poor thing.

I look around. All around my fellow humans are ruthlessly cut down. I see a young student stabbed through the heart, blood falling from him and his wasted body lying on the floor. The student was only twelve.

A waste, I think angrily. The boy could have had a life. A painful, weary life, but a life nonetheless. More corpses lie, scattered across the floor. Fighting for a lost cause.

I look up to see the robots suddenly start to jerk and spark. They collapse, as if some unseen force commanded them. Then I hear the sound of more planes. A barrage of withering bombs falls upon the Enemy's forces, flames destroying the army of fire. But who has come...

A/N: Not as angsty as the last chapter, I think. But who is the third army to arrive on the scene...

3. Chapter 3

****Chapter 3: Fire upon Fire****

****A/N: Last chapter!****

The planes fly above us, disposing of their deadly cargo upon our foes. They strike down the enemies. But more take the place of the dead and dying. Vaguely, I wonder who these newcomers are. Together, we are all that's left of humanity, the last guard. Apart for those who joined the Enemy, and are they truly human?

In a way, this had been coming. The relentless greed of humanity would never be assailed. We had created something we couldn't control. Something that, deep down, we knew we couldn't defeat without being utterly obliterated. Something beyond comprehension. The Enemy.

Soldiers drop from the planes, some of which the Enemy's missiles strike, resulting in their destruction. But maybe a few thousand manage to survive and charge at our foes. I recognise the leader.

Natalya Raven.

Worn down by the events of the last years, but still deadly, Raven sprinted towards us. She arrives swiftly, and speaks.

"There is a way," said Raven.

"To gain victory?" asked Laura.

Raven hesitated.

"Partially. Basically, we attack the Enemy."

She pointed to the figure of our foe.

"A plane could be useful here," she said.

"Why partially?" enquired Shelby.

"Because it comes at a price. A dear price. Killing the Enemy - which kills all his servants - will release his spirit, his being, in a violent explosion. This may well wipe us out."

I look my comrades in their eyes.

"That is a price we must pay."

The alternative was letting the world slowly burn, like a waning candle, till blackness and burnt out shells became all that remained of our wretched planet. A quick death is better than the slow, global death approaching.

The single plane agilely twists, avoiding an Enemy-sent missile. Raven is at the controls of it, holding our fragile lives in her hands. The plane closes in on the Enemy, who grins. Raven throws a small console to me.

"That is the one way of interfacing with him. Only you can do it Otto. You must combine with him. It will destroy him utterly, and his army with it. I am not ordering you. It is up to you," says Raven.

Up to you. The words resonate through my soul. Don't go and possibly survive, or go and die and maybe save us all?

"I shall go."

With shaking fingers, I switch on the device. The face of my foe appears. I prepare to type in the command that will end both of our short lives.

"Looks like this is goodbye," I manage to say.

The others stare at me with sad eyes, knowing that there is no choice but to let me go, let me die and save us all.

Wing embraces me.

"We are brothers beyond death. Brothers in soul. My mother said that death is never the end. I believe she was right," said Wing.

He bows his head, and chokes the last words out.

"Goodbye, my brother."

Shelby is next. She quickly hugs me.

"I expect we'll be seeing you soon anyway, Otto. We'll see you on the other side," she says, " Goodbye, my friend."

Laura embraces me for the final time. She kisses me one last time.

"Goodbye Otto," she sobs, each tear breaking my heart, " Remember that I will always love you."

I break away.

"Goodbye, my friends. Wing, I would never have lived without you. I am proud to call myself your friend. Shelby, you carry a light that will never die. Look after Wing for me. Laura, I will love you beyond death. You all gave everything for me. Now I give it back.

I type the command.

****AI:/combine/soul/endgame****

Then a blazing light erupts from the console, covering the room.

Through burning eyes, I see my foe writhe in agony as I do. I strengthen my will. I press the final command in, and everything goes black, mixed with the red of pain.

I see my enemy's face through the haze, which is grinning.

"Not enough, little one. Four more sacrifices are needed," snarls the Enemy.

With a yell, Wing leaps into the haze, followed by Laura, Raven and Shelby. I try to yell for them to run, but I cannot, paralysed as I am. The Enemy begins to fall apart. As I look through the red haze upon my enemy's corpse, as my vision begins to black out, as my friends and I start to finally fall, I realise that this is called victory.

****A/N: A rather sad ending, but a necessary one. I'd love to know what you think!****

End
file.